

But above all she was sure that her sister had worn the two rhinestone buttons found on different strips of her dress. For Ethel had herself procured these buttons with no little difficulty after a long shopping hunt. Both she and her brother agreed that the family might have been mistaken over the make of the shoes.

A coral necklace, the gold bracelet with the word "Sis" on it, and the brown velvet tam-o'-shanter hat, with the orange plume, these details of Jessie's person were missing.

The identification thus completed, Coroner Frank Senior, of Kings County, permitted the removal of the body to the morgue attached to the Brooklyn Hospital, at Willowby and St. Edward streets. There Dr. George Reicher, assisted by Dr. Lester Volk, both of them coroner's physicians, performed an autopsy. They came to the conclusion that death had been due to drowning, but they are to make another and more detailed examination of the lungs and the stomach before committing themselves on this point.

No Marks of Violence.

They decided also that the body had been in the water a long time, held under the surface by some weight. Deputy Commissioner Dougherty said he believed it had been in the water since the day of the disappearance.

There were no marks on it to indicate violence other than that of the action of the water after death. No bones were broken. In brief, the doctors' examination confirmed the belief that Miss McCann, at the age of twenty-three years, had committed suicide from no other cause except melancholia.

The body will be removed to the girl's home.

Miss Jessie McCann disappeared from home on the morning of Thursday, December 4. Her father, head clerk in the wholesale grocery house of Austin, Nichols & Co., No. 61 Hudson street, Manhattan, lives with his family in one of three little brick houses in a block in East 21st street, Flatbush. Between the house and the intersection of East 21st street and Cortelyou Road is a vacant lot. It was there possible for her mother to watch Jessie as she turned into Cortelyou Road on leaving the house on December 4.

The daughter had been teaching in the kindergarten of the Home for Destitute Children, No. 27 Sterling Place, Brooklyn. Every morning she had been in the habit of turning west in Cortelyou Road to take a Flatbush avenue car for her school. On this particular morning her mother saw her turn east, leading to the Brighton Beach line, leading to Coney Island. It frightened her, this deviation from custom, particularly as Jessie had just had a "crying spell," and her mother feared for her sanity.

Later she telephoned the Home for Destitute Children and learned that her daughter had not appeared there. It is supposed now that Jessie took a train for Coney Island at the Cortelyou Road station. In the same forenoon Miss Loretta Dore, employed as a nurse by Mrs. William Prague, who lives in the Shelburne Hotel, at Ocean Parkway and Sea Beach avenue, Coney Island, found Miss McCann sitting on a bench in the little park between Sea Beach avenue and Surf avenue, in front of the hotel.

Seen by Nurse Girl.

The nurse had Mrs. Prague's baby out for an airing, and it was the baby that brought about a conversation between the two, at a spot about five hundred feet away from the place where the waves washed up the beach a month later. Miss McCann told the nurse girl she was on the verge of a nervous collapse, and that after a shopping trip she thought it would do her good to get the refreshing sea air.

After talking with Miss Dore for half an hour Miss McCann said she was hungry, and that, although she had only 20 cents with her, she thought she would get something to eat. She departed in the direction of Surf avenue. The fact that she had 20 cents left was considered significant, since in the description of her belongings which the family gave to the police they said that the only money she had with her, to their knowledge, when she left the house was 40 cents. It is supposed, therefore, that she must have gone direct to Coney Island.

A little while after leaving the nurse girl in Seaside Park she appeared at Public School 100, at West 3d street and Park Place, Coney Island, of which Frank J. Arnold is principal. She told him her name, said she taught in a kindergarten in the Home for Destitute Children and asked for permission to visit some of the teachers in the lower grades. Mr. Arnold introduced her to Miss Goldsmith, in whose class she remained until 12:30 o'clock. The next two hours she spent with Miss Phillips, another teacher, and then went to Miss La Chase's class, remaining there until 3:30 o'clock in the afternoon.

All three teachers and the principal agreed that, although she seemed rather worried, she appeared entirely rational. She talked with them only about teaching, and romped with the children in their play hour.

Still later in the afternoon Miss La Chase pointed out Miss McCann to her sister teachers as they were walking along Surf avenue. Miss McCann was sitting alone then on the sand of the municipal beach, almost on the exact spot on which her body was found yesterday.

This is the last time that any one is positive he saw Miss McCann alive.

The next day Mrs. Prague, to whom Loretta Dore had narrated her encounter with Miss McCann, saw from the veranda of her hotel a young woman walking along Surf avenue.

Thought They Saw Miss McCann.

"That looks like your school teacher friend," she remarked to the nurse girl, and the latter seemed to think it was she. If so, the settlement worker must have passed the beach or the shelter house, on Saturday night the tide, an unusually high one, impelled by the wind, rose right up over the beach and broke against the low sea wall running along Surf avenue.

This has given rise to the suggestion that Miss McCann may have been drowned accidentally while curled up asleep on the beach, but Coney Island residents say the tides were not sweeping the beach a month ago. They point out, also, that at no time has the water reached the floor of the shelter house, which is elevated above the sand four or five feet on piles, and that if the girl passed the night there she would probably have chosen what shelter this open house afforded in preference to the bare sand.

On the other hand, there is no very likely place available near this point off which a dependent person might jump into water over her head. On the one side the old Dreamland pier, partly destroyed by fire, is boarded up, so that it would take an unusually agile climber to get out on it. On the new Dreamland pier a watchman is stationed during all hours.

There is, however, a jetty, or bulkhead,

extending out some distance from the foot of Ocean Parkway. A nimble girl might climb along this and plunge into deep water. It is thought that she may have done this, and that her body may have become pinned beneath one of the heavy rocks piled against the side of the jetty under the surface.

Despite all the clues, now proven false, which appeared from time to time to locate his missing daughter in various other places, Robert McCann, the father, held to the belief all along that his daughter, dead or alive, would be found eventually in Coney Island. While his son and the police and the close friends of the girl were hunting here, there and everywhere he would proceed day after day to Coney Island, to hunt through the devious ways of that resort for some trace of his child, to pace up and down the sands in fearful expectation that every breaker might deposit his daughter's body at his feet.

Had No Love Affair.

Neither he nor the other members of his family, including his wife and his other three children, Robert G. Jr., Harrison and Ethel, ever shared in the belief which persisted for some time that a letter which Jessie had received from L. Wendell Squires, a Columbia student, on the morning of her disappearance had impelled her to suicide. Young Squires, the son of a hotel proprietor of Good Ground, Long Island, had met the girl when she was staying at his father's hotel last summer and had paid her considerable attention.

He denied flatly that anything he had written in the letter which Miss McCann received could have had the remotest bearing on her disappearance. He had asked her, he said, to go to the theatre with him the following Saturday and had referred to the postponement of an engagement he had with her, and to his studies. He denied that they were engaged to be married, though he announced his willingness to marry her should she return.

Harold D. Menken, another Columbia student, who also met Miss McCann at Good Ground last summer, said he hadn't seen Miss McCann or heard from her since leaving Good Ground. A sailboat party of which he and Miss McCann were members had been becalmed most of the night before, failing to reach the hotel until early in the morning.

It has been determined beyond a doubt that Miss McCann was involved in no love affair, and that she had no serious differences with her parents, but that she had been worrying for some time before she left home over a fancied lack of mental acuteness. She complained to her mother that she was not as bright as other girls of her acquaintance, and not infrequently had "crying spells" like the one just before she left home on the morning of December 4. It is the belief of the family physician and of her relatives and friends that she committed suicide in a moment of despondency, induced by her nervous condition.

M'CANN FAMILY

BLAMES NO ONE

Nervousness Caused Suicide, Says Father—Accident, Is Brother's Theory.

All through the afternoon, after the news that Miss McCann's body had been found, the house of the McCann family, at No. 43 East 21st street, Flatbush, was an object of interest, and the rain did not prevent groups of persons from lingering about the vicinity. Acquaintances of the family called to express their sympathy, and until late last night people came and went.

"I blame no one for the death of my daughter," said Mr. McCann, her father, last night. "I believe now, as always, that Jessie was subject to spells of depression, and that her last ordeal of melancholia was too much to stand. I am sure that this was simply due to her nervous condition."

Robert McCann, her brother, had only one theory to offer for the family's belief that she had committed suicide.

"From what I have heard," he said, "Sis" was tired out from the hard work at the settlement school. I think that she went to Coney Island to get away from her thoughts and fell asleep on the rocks. Before she awoke, I think, the tide rose and she was swept away."

Her brother could not explain how she was seen by the nurse at Coney Island twenty-four hours after she was last seen at the school at that place.

Dr. Roger Durham, of No. 222 Park Place, Brooklyn, the family physician, said he was willing to stake his professional reputation on his belief that all Miss McCann's mental trouble arose from the nervousness from which she had suffered for several years.

"She was a neurotic," he said, "and was subject to depression and spells of melancholia. This neuroticism undoubtedly was responsible for whatever physical troubles she may have had, and the melancholia developed at last into suicidal mania. I mean by that that Miss McCann was mentally unbalanced at the time when she committed suicide."

Wendell Squires, the student at Columbia to whom she was engaged, had started for the McCann home before he learned that her body had been found. He refused to add anything to his former statements about his secret romance.

Harold Menken, of No. 79 West End avenue, who says he last saw Miss McCann at Good Ground, Long Island, last August, confined his remarks to an expression of sympathy.

DOUBTS M'CANN SUICIDE

Uncle of the Girl Sure Her Death Was Accidental.

Alexander McCann, of St. James's Terrace, Sherwood Park, Yonkers, an uncle of Jessie McCann, said last night that he felt sure his niece was drowned accidentally and did not commit suicide.

"I believe," said he, "that she was suffering from aphasia, a form of insanity, and was over her mother's illness. I think that while she was wandering around in that condition she fell into the water and was drowned. There was no reason why she should commit suicide and I am sure she didn't."

BENSON'S BILL HELD UP

Carmony Opposes Payment for Storage of State Documents.

Albany, Jan. 4.—The state will not pay Garrett J. Benson's claim of \$1,385 rent for the storage of state highway documents by John A. Hennessy in Benson's hotel, if Attorney General Carmony can prevent it. He made this statement today in a letter to Benson's attorney, and termed the removal of the documents from the Capitol a "scandalous violation of the law."

Hennessy, as a special investigator for Governor Sulzer, stored the papers in the hotel. Months later the Attorney General and several deputies removed the documents, despite the objection of Benson.

"MISSING GIRLS" MANY, BUT MYSTERIES ONLY FEW

Dorothy Arnold Case One of Those in Which No Clue Came to Light—Some Disappearances Due to Tragedy, but Odd Reasons Explain the Majority.

The telephone bell in the Detective Bureau at Police Headquarters tinkles. The officer in charge takes the receiver from the hook, listens, then reaches for a pad, on which he scribbles a message from a precinct station. The conversation is terminated, a stenographer is summoned from another room and given instructions. Within a few hours the police of all the stations in greater New York and perhaps neighboring cities have been furnished with a description of a girl reported as missing. The search is on.

Hardly a day passes that the police are not asked by distracted parents to look for a daughter who has either been lured away, to private detective agencies come persons in similar predicaments who dread the publicity attached to the sending out of a general alarm. The public never gets an inkling of the number of such cases. Again, there are persons who make only personal investigations, and it is only by chance that news of the disappearance of one of their family leaks out.

Late last summer, when parts of a body which was later identified as that of Anna Annuller were lying in the morgue in Hoboken, the public was astonished by the number of persons who came forward, stating their belief that the dead woman was a daughter or sister.

In the majority of cases the efforts of the searchers are rewarded by at least a knowledge of the fate of their object. If she is not returned alive to her family. A case seldom comes to public attention in which not a single clue to the whereabouts or state of existence of a missing girl is not obtained. The most striking example of such an instance, however, is that of Dorothy Arnold.

Although the termination of the search for a missing girl is often of a nature as sad as that which attended the finding of the body of Jessie McCann at Coney Island yesterday, there have been many instances in which the motive which led the girls from home was anything but tragic. Miss Lucy B. Dodge, a granddaughter of the late John Bigelow, disappeared from the home of her mother, Mrs. Lionel Guest, in London last spring and was gone a week before it became known she had gone. An explanation of her action given out later had it that Miss Dodge absented herself from her family for a week merely to escape the attentions of an unwelcome suitor.

In November, 1910, it became known that a world-wide search was being made for Miss Maud Blaisdell, of No. 10 Decker street, Brooklyn, a daughter of Joseph W. Blaisdell, a wealthy coal dealer. Bruce Blaisdell, brother of the missing young woman, offered a reward of \$1,000 for any information as to her whereabouts. The girl had been gone from her home since May 21 of that year. Miss Blaisdell was eighteen years old at the time of her disappearance, which came at the time John T. Havens, the Blaisdell chauffeur, quit his job and went West, according to the story he told his wife. Two weeks after it became known that Miss Blaisdell was absent from her home she returned. The family refused to offer any explanation for her absence, and it was denied that she and Havens had been married.

In March of the same year detectives were scouring the earth for Miss Blaisdell, a sensational search which lasted two days. Miss Helen Bloodgood, a daughter of William Bloodgood, secretary of the American Felt Company, 11 at the home of Leslie R. Fort, at Lakewood, leaped from a second story window and disappeared.

The young woman, it was said, suffered from the delusion that she was the persecuted heroine of a novel and had made several attempts to elude her pursuers. On the night of March 10 she arose from her bed, overpowered her attendant and

SEARCH FOR GIRL AIDED BY CHURCH

Miss McCann's Sunday School Class Joined in Hunt—Seen at Beach by Nurse.

The day following the announced disappearance of Miss Jessie E. McCann from her home, at No. 43 East 21st street, all sorts of reports of the girl having been seen in several places on Long Island, as well as in New York City, poured in on the McCann family and detectives. The reports were investigated by Detectives States and Briarton, but all lacked confirmation except that the girl had been seen on the day she disappeared by Lauretta Dore, a nurse, at the Shelburne Hotel, in Ocean Parkway, and by the attendants at Public School 100, in West 3d street, Brooklyn.

Miss Dore was the first to report seeing Miss McCann at the beach. She said she spent half an hour in conversation with the girl in Seaside Park, which adjoins the hotel at Coney Island. This is a short distance from where the body was found. Miss McCann told Miss Dore she went to the seashore because of feeling lapsed and hoped the bracing air would help her.

When the two girls separated Miss McCann started toward Chambers's drug store, which is opposite the Brighton Beach Railroad terminal. She had invited Miss Dore to accompany her there to drink a soda.

Miss McCann was next reported by Frank J. Arnold, principal of Public School 100, as having been to his school. Miss McCann came there during the afternoon session of Thursday, introduced herself to the principal and asked permission to spend some time with the teachers. Mr. Arnold introduced her to Miss Goldsmith, Miss Phillips and Miss Lachase. Miss McCann seemed much interested, and at recess she was seen in the playground taking part in the games with the children. Miss Phillips and Miss Lachase saw Miss McCann again after school on the beach, just about where her body was found.

Mrs. William Prager, by whom Miss Dore is employed as nurse, was sure she saw the missing girl again late Friday afternoon. She called Miss Dore to the window and pointed out a girl walking on Ocean Parkway toward Brighton Beach.

It was getting dark, and it was never positively established whether or not it was Miss McCann.

Reports were received of her having been seen in Philadelphia, Good Ground, Long Island, and at Broadway and Wall street, but these rumors proved fruitless.

Two weeks ago Miss Ethel McCann, in talking over the case with the detectives, made a remark which gave rise to the report that the family knew of the whereabouts of the girl. Miss Ethel was working the word "Columbia" on a cushion which her sister was preparing as a gift for L. Wendell Squires, a Columbia stu-

dent. Miss Ethel told the detectives she was trying to complete it before her sister returned, so she would be able to present it to him by Christmas.

While the search was being made for the missing girl, which was entered into by members of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, in which Miss McCann was a Sunday school teacher, neighbors told those working on the disappearance of the girl that on the morning she left home Miss McCann left in a "huff," following words with her mother. This was denied at the McCann home.

It was said there that Miss Jessie had a crying spell that morning and her mother tried to persuade her to remain home. When she left her mother watched her from a window and was much surprised to see her daughter walk in an opposite direction from that which she usually took. Mrs. McCann remarked to her younger daughter, Ethel, several times during the day that she was upset over Jessie.

On March 15 the lakes in Central Park were dragged in a final effort to find the girl's body, but, like other efforts, that was unsuccessful. The next day Mr. and Mrs. Arnold admitted that they had given up hope of ever seeing their daughter.

The Arnold family was opposed to Grieco's interest in the case, and reports of an open break between him and a member of the Arnold family were circulated. While at Atlantic City Grieco engaged a detective to conduct the investigation and at the same time ward off reporters who were watching his own movements. In an interview soon after he returned from abroad Grieco stated his positive conviction that Dorothy would be found within a week.

William J. Flynn, then head of the New York police Detective Bureau, believed at first that the mystery would be solved, but later he altered his opinion and declared it would go down in history as unsolved.

It is estimated that the search for Dorothy Arnold cost fully \$100,000. Half that amount was expended by newspapers, \$25,000 by the Arnolds and the remainder by the police. From time to time there have been rumors that Dorothy had returned, but these have always been denied at the Arnold home.

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There are some who believe that Mr. McCall also brought a message from Charles F. Murphy to Governor Glynn. McCall was the messenger between Sulzer and Murphy when Sulzer tried to cut loose from the domination of Tammany.

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DOROTHY ARNOLD.
(Copyright by Earle.)

ARNOLD CASE NOW A 3-YEAR MYSTERY

World-Wide Search for Rich Girl Cost Fortune and Failed Completely.

DISAPPEARANCE CAME DURING SHOPPING TOUR

Family Convinced Young Woman Is Dead and That Her Fate Will Remain Unknown.

When thousands of dollars had been spent in fruitless search, the resources of the world's cleverest detectives and reporters exhausted, and not a single substantial clue to her whereabouts discovered, the quest for Dorothy Arnold was abandoned. It stands as the most absolute police mystery of modern times.

Three years and twenty-five days have passed since Dorothy Harriet Canille Arnold walked out of her father's luxurious home, at No. 108 East 75th street, bent on a shopping tour. Two hours later she was seen on the street. Since that time not a clue regarding her whereabouts or fate has been picked up, despite the fact that even the most remote cities of the earth have been searched carefully.

The young woman's picture has gone the world over. Hospital and death records in every country have been scanned carefully, but without success. Her family and others connected with the case now are convinced she is dead, though none can hazard a guess as to how, when or where she met her end.

On the day of her disappearance Miss Arnold went to Park & Tilford's store, on Fifth avenue, near 26th street, where she bought a box of candy. Later she visited Brentano's book store, at Fifth avenue and 25th street, where she made a purchase. These two incidents caused detectives to place small faith in the theory of suicide.

After leaving the book store Miss Arnold, so far as could be learned, was not seen again. For more than a month her parents kept her disappearance secret, employing private detectives to keep up the search. On January 25, 1911, Francis B. Arnold, her father, decided to make public the fact that his daughter was missing. The newspapers immediately assigned their best reporters to individual searches for the missing girl, and her disappearance became the leading topic of the day.

A reward of \$1,000 was offered by Mr. Arnold for information concerning his daughter, and in a few days the whole world was looking for the girl. An apparent clue centered the search for a time about Philadelphia, but nothing came of it.

It developed a few days later that there had been an attachment between the missing young woman and George S. Griscom, Jr., of Pittsburgh. A clandestine correspondence, it was found, had been carried on. A week later Griscom returned from Italy and assumed charge of the search for the girl, which had then led detectives to Atlantic City. For the following month reporters and detectives spent all their time running down false clues.

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STORM-BOUND, HE STARVED

Waterman Found Dead Alone on Plum Island.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]
Redbank, N. J., Jan. 4.—Prevented by the storm from rowing to Highlands for provisions from his home on Plum Island, which is divided from Sandy Hook by the Shrewsbury River, Ellsworth Cottrell, fifty-two years old, a Highlands waterman, was found dead to-day from starvation and exposure. He lived alone. His wife and son, Ellsworth, Jr., resided at the Highlands. Gilbert Clayton, a friend, who kept boats on the island, went there in his power boat to-day to see if they had been damaged by the storm. When he called for Cottrell and received no response, he looked in a window and saw him lying on the floor. Thinking he was still alive, Clayton carried him in his boat to the Highlands.

The doctors and Coroner Fay say he had been dead several hours. He was last seen alive on Friday.

CAPTAIN BOUDINOT DIES IN STREETCAR

Old Soldier Expires as Trolley, Turned Into Ambulance, Races for Hospital.

Captain William Bradford Stockton Boudinot, a Civil War veteran, the activities of whose ancestors were closely interwoven with the history of this country, died suddenly yesterday afternoon on a Lexington avenue car that was turned from its regular route in an endeavor to get him to a hospital in time to save his life.

Captain Boudinot, eighty-four and a resident of Paterson, N. J., came here several days ago to spend the holidays with his niece, Mrs. John Brooks Leavitt, wife of the lawyer. The Leavitts live at No. 1 Lexington avenue.

Mrs. Leavitt and Captain Boudinot went out early yesterday afternoon to visit friends. Returning home about 6 o'clock they boarded a southbound Lexington avenue car. As the car approached 29th street the captain fell forward in his seat unconscious.

Charles Cacci, the conductor, who lives at No. 1639 First avenue, was called in by Mrs. Leavitt, and together they tried to revive the man. Their efforts failing, Cacci, learning that Mrs. Leavitt lived on Lexington avenue near 21st street, offered to send the car as an express to the switching point at 23d street, from which Captain Boudinot could be carried to his niece's home.

William Fay, the motorman, started the car up at high speed, but only a few blocks had been covered when the sick man fell forward again. At this point the passengers conferred with Cacci and vacated the car so that it might be run east through 23d street to First avenue, from which corner Bellevue Hospital is only three blocks distant. Cacci sprang off and explained the situation to the switchman and road inspector at 23d street, and permission was quickly given for a change of course.

On arriving at First avenue a policeman called Dr. Wellington in an ambulance from Bellevue. The surgeon got to the car two minutes after Captain Boudinot died. The body was held in the car until Coroner Feinberg arrived and gave permission for its removal.

Captain Boudinot's sister, Miss Jane J. Boudinot, who lives at the Hotel Clarendon, No. 57 West 58th street, was not told of the captain's death. She is eighty years old.

Captain Boudinot's great-grandfather, Elias Boudinot, was president of the Continental Congress and signed the peace treaty with Great Britain in 1781. Captain Boudinot enlisted as a private in a New Jersey regiment at the opening of the Civil War and took part in the Roanoke and Potomac engagements. Shortly before the war's close he was made a captain. He belonged to the Loyal Legion and the Society of the Cincinnati.

Captain Boudinot's sister is a distinguished writer of history, and is prominent in a number of historical societies. Boudinot Keith, a lawyer, who lives at No. 33 West 67th street, is a nephew, and Mrs. Morgan Colt, of New Hope, Pa., a niece of Boudinot.

REYBURN'S DEATH SUDDEN

Former Philadelphia Mayor III Only Few Minutes.

Washington